

Everyone desrves to be happy

by Mel

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Summary: Bulma/Vegeta so what if there are a million others?

Everyone desrves to be happy

Body I know. You've all read a million of these things. Well, here's another. Oh, if there's spelling mistakes, it's cause my cat won't get away from the screen. I also do not know much about Japanese food, what shows they have there, or what saiijins eat, so it may seem a little Americanized in that respect. Worry not, Vegeta won't be drinking juicy juice or anything like that. I plan this to be a couple part series, so please give me some reviews (good, bad, otherwise). Well, here goes.

Everyone deserves to be happy. [pt 1]

Bulma paced the kitchen floor. She was thinking of all the ways she would kill Yamcha. He was late again, and she just knew it was because he had seen someone he thought was pretty. She stopped pacing. Why does he cheat so much? Aren't I pretty enough for him? she thought. She heard the front door slam and heard Yamcha call her name. "In here, Yamcha" she said. Yamcha came through the door, fully expecting Bulma to try to tear him to pieces. Instead, she merely looked at him. He shifted nervously, unsure of what to do, when Bulma asked, "Yamcha, do you think I'm pretty?" He looked at her for a minute, caught totally off guard, then said, "Yeah. I think you're really pretty. Why" he said. She sighed then sat down in a chair. "What took you so long to get here? Our reservations for lunch were for an hour ago" she said. "What reservations? I thought we were just going out for coffee" he said. "I told you we were going to lunch at Red Lobster. I told you that last night. Why were you so late Yamcha? Did you forget that I'm your girlfriend?" she asked. "No. I was late because...of traffic. Yeah, there was real bad traffic on the way over here, Bulma. You should've seen how backed up it was..." he said. "When there's heavy traffic, you come in here ranting and raving. Besides, you flew here in your plane. I heard it land. So,

was she prettier than me?" Bulma said. She was getting angrier and angrier at him, not only because he had forgotten her, but mostly because he was lying to her, and doing such a bad job of it. Yamcha stared at her for a minute, then said. "What makes you think I was with another girl?" "When is it ever anything else? You never lie when it's something real." She stepped closer to him and sniffed at his neck. "You even smell like her perfume! You have the nerve to get with another woman, then come in here, still wearing her cheap whory perfume?! How DARE you?!" she screamed. "And so what if I did? It's not like you're the pinnacle of purity yourself. How am I supposed to believe that you don't sleep with Vegeta? He lives in this house and so do you. What am I supposed to think?" he said. "You're supposed to trust me. But, then again, why should you when all you do is cheat, so why should you believe that someone else would have a few morals? Do you know that word, Yamcha? Moral? How about monogamy? You know, the one that means we stay _faithful_ to each other. NOT SCREW EVERYTHING THAT WEARS A SKIRT!!!" Bulma screeched. She had lost her temper, and right now, all she wanted to do was hurt him as much as she could. He said something before she could continue that almost made her want to hate him. "You aren't interested in someone to love, all you want is someone to do you're bidding. You're a bitch, Bulma, and I think you're ugly" he said. "I HATE YOU! ALL I'VE DONE FOR YOU IS PAY YOUR WAY AND DO EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO KEEP YOU. I LOVED YOU SO MUCH AND YOU NEVER, EVER CARED AT ALL!! GET OUT!! OUT OF MY HOUSE, OUT OF MY LIFE!!! STAY AWAY FOREVER!!" she yelled. Tears were flowing down her cheeks now, and Yamcha tried to wipe them away. He never had meant to hurt her, but he always wound up doing it somehow. Bulma smacked his hand away. "Don't touch me. I don't ever want you near me again" she said softly. "Bulma, I'm sorry..." Yamcha started. "No. No you're not. If you were, you'd never do it again. But you will, so just go. Have a nice life" she said. Yamcha looked at her for a long minute, then turned and left. Bulma collapsed into the chair and sobbed.

Vegeta came out of the training chamber just as Yamcha was leaving. Instead of fuming off as he usually did, the weak human just seemed sad. He thought that was unusual, he could usually hear Bulma's screech all the way in the capsule. He shrugged. _At least I won't have to put up with that petty human for about a week_ he thought, then headed for the kitchen to get lunch.

When he entered the kitchen, Bulma had stopped crying, but still had her head on the table. Vegeta ignored her and went to the fridge. He opened it, but the sandwich Bulma usually made for him was not there. "Where's my sandwich, woman?" he asked. She mumbled something he couldn't hear, then he said, "What was that? Put your head up woman. Where's my sandwich?" Bulma lifted her head and just looked at him. She got up silently and got the things out of the fridge to make his sandwich. Vegeta sat down in her chair and watched her work. Usually, she would tell him all about her fights with the weak human man, but today she was strangely quiet. Vegeta enjoyed the stories of how they fought, it amused him. Besides, it gave him something to do if she was still making his sandwich. Finally, Bulma asked "Vegeta, do you think I'm ugly?" He started to say absolutely not, but what came out was "I don't know. You're not like a saiin woman. Why?" Bulma didn't answer, she just finished his sandwich and walked outside. He stared after her for a minute, puzzled. She normally seemed to delight in goading him into an argument about something, or even just talked as if she were carrying out a conversation with him. _Oh well. At least I'll have some peace_ he thought and wolfed down

his sandwich.

Bulma went into the training chamber and sat in the middle of the floor. She hadn't gone in there intentionally, she just wandered in. She went over everything that had just gone on between her and Yamcha. She drew her knees up to her chest and wrapped her arms around them. She thought about how she had told Yamcha to stay away forever. Part of her wanted him to come back, but the more she thought about it, the more she realized that that wasn't what she wanted at all. She really did want him out of her life and that made her sad. Why did happiness always elude her? Were all those things he had said to her true? She was still wondering about these things when Vegeta walked back in. "Woman, get out of here. The gravity will crush you if you stay here while I train. Leave" he said. "Vegeta." "What is it now woman?" he asked irritably. "Kill me. Just use your power to destroy me. I don't care if you just turn the gravity on and I get crushed. Just do something bad to me" she said. She lay her chin on her knees and looked up at Vegeta with her clear blue eyes. Vegeta pointed his finger at her to do as she asked, but found that he really didn't want to kill her. Then he noticed the tears running down her cheeks. He pulled her to her feet. "Don't talk nonsense, woman. You have to be here to repair this thing when it breaks down" he said. To his surprise she threw her arms around him and cried against his chest. He almost threw her away from him, but instead patted her awkwardly. "Why are some men so mean, Vegeta?" she asked through her sobs. "If you mean that weak human you always fight with, he's not mean. Just really stupid. You should find a stronger man than him. That shouldn't be too hard. He was really weak" Vegeta said. _Wait, what am I doing? I am the Prince of Saijins, not this woman's best friend_ he thought. "Look, I need to train, so go outside and do something with yourself. Okay woman?" he said. Bulma pushed away from him and looked up at him. "Thanks Vegeta. I guess some men aren't horrible, huh?" Vegeta was about to tell her to get out again when she brushed passed him and left the gravity chamber. Vegeta stood there for a minute, confused. Then he cursed the human race and all it's weaknesses and went back to his training.

Bulma had spent the rest of the day in her room, thinking about her day. At around ten o'clock, she started to feel a little hot, so she went to her window and opened it. She leaned out letting the gentle breeze tickle her cheeks and ruffle her hair. She closed her eyes and sighed. She was beginning to think she might just live through this. She opened her eyes and looked at the stars. She smiled. Maybe she'd find a nice planet to move to. The people were most likely a whole lot nicer than they were here, and maybe there were no people like Yamcha. She realized she had thought of him, but that she felt nothing. She sighed again and looked down at the ground. Even if there were people like Yamcha here, everyone deserved to be happy, right? She saw Vegeta walk towards the house, his training done for the day. _He's more alone than I am. At the very least, this is my native planet. He doesn't even have a home planet anymore, thanks to Frieza. I wonder if that "I'm so mean-and-nasty attitude is just a facade? Hmmm..._ She thought. She watched him awhile longer, noticing that he had no shirt on. She smiled. At least she new she could look at other men again. Even if the man happened to be Vegeta, it was a start.

End pt 1.

I like this story. I think I'll write more later...

End
file.